

FIGHTING GRIZZLIES.

EXPERIENCES OF A MINER IN THE LAWS OF AN ANGRY BEAR.

My Monster Lacerated the Hunter's Arm and Then Watched Over Him Until Satisfied That Life Was Safe.

Name of a well known citizen of Summit county on the Russ House a few days ago recalled to his mind the story of a desperate fight with grizzlies in the early days.

It was in the fall of 1851, and three men crawled through a thick forest of Humboldt county timber and themselves facing eight monster grizzlies. Goaded to desperation by the men determined to attack the animals. The heart of Thomas Wood failed as the little party drew the bears, and he sought shelter by a tree.

Other men, S. K. Wood and Isaac Wood, threw prudence to the winds and advanced to within fifty yards of the bears. Wood fired his rifle and the bear fell, biting and tearing the man as though in the agonies of death.

Wood was reloading his rifle as the bear brought down a bear.

One of the grizzlies retreated up a tree, but one shaggy monster remained on the ground. She sat on her haunches and turned her head toward the men as if daring them to attack.

Wood, awed by her aspect, ran for a while Wood tried to reload his gun, but himself unable to ram the ball on the powder. While in this predicament the grizzly that had not fed at him. Wood succeeded in getting a small buckeye tree, and used it to beat the bear off as she attacked the tree with the intention of killing him out.

IN THE JAWS OF A GRIZZLY.

While he was engaged in fighting off the bear, Wood, to his horror, saw the bear had wounded him and rushed to him. No blows that he could inflict on the wounded animal could check it. At the first spring she made the broke and the bears jumped for him. He gained his feet and made a leap down the mountain, where a small tree stood about thirty feet away. He reached the tree with wounded bear at his heels, and, seizing the trunk, he swung his body around to give the bear room to pass him. He did, plunging headlong down the mountain about twenty yards.

Wood could, with his falling, swing himself into the tree and the bear bounded up and seized his ankle. By this time the wounded returned, and as Wood fell she bit at his face. He dodged, and she bit his left shoulder.

Wood commenced a terrific struggle. Wounded animals, tugged in opposition at Wood's ankle and shoulder, and he was in imminent danger of being torn to pieces. He fought as best he could, but each exertion he put forth intensified the rage of the bears.

When he was almost fainting with the bear that had not been wounded bit his ankle and trotted slowly his companions up the ravine. Then wounded bear let go her hold on his leg. Wood sank back on the ground, and lay perfectly quiet as though hardly daring to breathe. The bear stood majestically over him, waiting for the slightest movement, starting with rage. The pain that the man's frame was fruitful, he risked his life in an effort to assume an easier position.

RESCUED IN BAD SHAPE.

The first movement the grizzly made, he rushed at him. She bit his nose close to his face and bit him, but Wood was again motionless, and the bear, raising her head, went to unearthly screams.

Wood, knowing that his life depended on remaining motionless, and the bear after her companions up the mountain he attempted to rise Wood found his right hip was dislocated and his shoulder chewed to the bone, while his hand had been stripped from his flesh had been chewed in a number of places. Inch by inch he painfully dragged himself from the spot, unaided and Wilson, accompanied by A. Buck, the latter of whom was left to guard the camp, found and carried him to their quarters.

This spot the party remained twelve hours, subsisting on the meat of the bear and been killed. They were lost in the mountains, but finally Wood, despite his injuries, insisted upon being tied to a tree and accompanying his friends in a path to civilization. During the days that followed, every step of the way that Wood rode caused untold torture to the rider, but Wood was like a martyr, and an occasional word was all the complaint that escaped him.

Finally they found a road out of the mountains and reached the farm of Mrs. West, thirty miles from Sonoma. Wood was cared for, and in six days was able to join his friends in San Francisco.

INJURIES INFLICTED BY THE GRIZZLIES.

Wood a cripple for life and eventually the cause of his death, and his son who told of this fight with grizzlies. —San Francisco Examiner.

WELCOME VISITORS.

Little Girl—Aunt Maud and Aunt visited us yesterday and they told me a doll.

Little Girl—Aunts are nobody. Anybody can have aunts visit. We have angels, real angels, visit. Some were there last night. Did you see them?

Little Girl—No, but this morning I saw a baby they brought. —New York Herald.

What's in a Kiss.

Arrived in Ohio, in giving his sister a kiss, slipped into her arms, telling her where some of the money was hidden. —Philadelphia

HE PLAYED.

How a Disgraced Actor Got Even with the Great Hamlet.

Edwin Booth, despite his reputation for being cold and unapproachable, has a humorous side and can tell a funny story, even when it's on himself, with a solemnity that is refreshing.

A member of the tragedian's company relates the following: "He once told me about a western experience of his in the fifties. Booth was then the star of a certain stock company playing the California towns. It was rough out there, then, and the same company did everything from 'Hamlet' to a song and dance—all at the same theater and often within the same week.

"In this company there was a young man of much histrionic talent, who, previous to the advent of Booth, played the leading roles, but who was thrown into the shade by the new star. Jealousy and hot words followed. The manager and the disappointed tragedian were continually at war over the distribution of parts.

"When the time for producing 'Hamlet' arrived it was found that the cast would necessarily muster into act every one from the ticket seller to the lamp man. The long suffering manager had resolved to punish the recalcitrant actor, and he was given the part of Guildenstern.

"There was some muttering, but all went well enough until the opening night. The house was filled. The scenery was crude, and for that matter so was the audience, but the applause was generous. Things reached a climax in the second scene of the third act, where Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are sent by the king to spy on the alleged madness of Hamlet.

"The usual futile endeavors to get any information out of the melancholy Dane were gone through with and then, of course, came Booth's powerful scene in which the musical instrument is introduced (the pipe on this occasion being a clumsy tin affair, painted to suit the aesthetic soul of the property man).

"The audience listened in breathless expectation, and the dialogue proceeded as follows:—

"Hamlet—Will you play upon this pipe?

"Guildenstern—My lord, I cannot.

"H—I pray you.

"G—Believe me, I cannot.

"And here the proud Dane lifted himself erect, preparatory to hurling at Guildenstern that crescendo of mingled rage and scorn which begins with 'Tis as easy as lying, etc.' But the crescendo never came.

"Hamlet—I do beseech you.

"Guildenstern—Then I don't mind if I do.

"And seizing the obstreperous horn, he broke forth into a weird, unearthly strain of Yankee Doodle and what-not.

"I stood there dazed," said Booth, "for it seemed to me hours, trying to connect the lines or collect my thoughts so as to go on, but it was of no use, for the fiend with the horn kept right on with his refined torture, until at last, in sheer mercy, the curtain went down to rise no more that night.

"Mr. — was promptly dismissed, but he had had his revenge." —New York Recorder.

The Maternal Instinct and Dogs.

Dog worship is, as has been said, a fashion. It is, for the most part, an imitation, a pretense, in the beginning at least, though it may become, often does become, sincere, serious to a degree, injurious after a long indulgence. Unnatural attachments, affections misdirected are likely to bring their own revenge. They stray so far from fitness that they cannot return to the normal when they would, whatever the effort made. That dog worship is a fashion is shown by the fashionable women who regularly appear in the parks and public drives with tiny dogs on their laps or nestling against their bosoms.

Often these women are unmarried. They give to dogs the care, the tenderness, the devotion they would give to babies had they borne them. It is plainly the derangement and frustration of the maternal instinct, as is proved when they become mothers. Then they usually discard their four footed pets immediately and forget all about them. —Junius Henri Browne in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Unique Tea Service.

County Commissioner Tolman has a unique tea service. It includes not only the usual articles of a set—the tray, platter, butter dish, sugar bowl, cream pitcher, cup and saucer, but also a casket, supplied with the usual cruets—the whole made of wood. Two kinds of wood, black walnut and white wood, were employed in their manufacture, and the contrasted colors, which appear in even the covers of dishes and tops of cruets, have a beautiful effect. The whole service is as useful as any made of crockery, and was made by a skilled woodworker while confined in the county jail. He agreed to make them for Mr. Tolman if the latter would furnish the material. —Portland (Me.) Argus.

Two Extreme Cases.

In refreshing contrast to the man who lost a day's work because he bumped his head while getting up in the morning and thought he might have a headache and thought he might have a man up in his head, a man who was carrying a piece of timber about noon, but kept at work until time to go home at night, when he made the discovery that a bone in his leg was broken. —Lewiston Journal.

A Queer Place for a Horn.

In the lot of sheep shipped by Davis Minor was a curiosity. About one-third of the way back from the shoulders of a ewe a horn grew out of its back. The horn was just the same as any other sheep horn and was about three inches in length. —Doniphan (Mo.) Prospect-News.

A copper steam kettle has been made at St. Louis for a firm of brewers. Its construction between 7,000 and 8,000 pounds of copper was used.

PARTED BY HIS VIOLIN.

A TRUE STORY OF YOUNG LOVE THAT DID NOT RUN SMOOTH.

Captain Button's Happy Marriage with the Belle of North Haven Many Years Ago—Why the Cozy Home Was Broken Up and the Husband Is a Wanderer.

No one would have suspected that Sofia was a shrew. She was of medium height, with bright brown eyes and a sweet face. These with a fine form and charming manner made her much sought after by the young men of North Haven. She chose to bestow her sweetest smiles on Julius Button, a whole souled, hardy young sailor, and all those who sought Sofia's hand felt a pang of envy when Julius led her to the altar.

The young couple settled down to the humdrum life of the small village in which both had been born and reared. For a time they were as happy as ever two young people who seemed made for each other could be.

Julius had accumulated a snug sum of money and was disposed to take life easily. The apple of his eye was his wife. Next in his affection was his violin, and with those two for company he was content to spend his evenings at home.

Although her husband played very well, Sofia cared nothing for music and detested a violin above all things. For a while she said nothing. Then she would leave Julius and his violin and would run over to one of the neighbors to spend the evening. It dawned upon Julius that the strains he drew from his violin were not appreciated by his wife.

Then Sofia began to show that beneath a sweet exterior there lay smoldering a fiery temper that when once let loose was simply ungovernable, and violent outbursts on her part became more and more frequent.

Julius bore it all uncomplainingly, for he loved his wife dearly. His was a gentle nature that never held malice and he knew Sofia loved him, so he was patient. But all things must end some time, and his patience was no exception to the rule.

ANGER THAT CAUSED SORROW.

One afternoon Julius went home and picked up his violin. He had drawn the bow but a few times before Sofia exclaimed, "I wish you would stop that noise."

Julius paid no heed to the request which had been made in such a mandatory tone. Sofia became angrier as her husband continued playing, and at last shouted, "Julius, I want you to stop that noise. But Julius only smiled and kept on playing. Sofia grew livid with rage, and seizing a pan of water threw it into Julius' face.

Then her husband put away his violin and left the house. In the evening he came back and began packing up his clothing. Sofia had recovered from her paroxysm of anger and was willing to be forgiven, but did not ask it. Her woman's curiosity could not be restrained, however, and she tremblingly asked what it all meant.

The only reply her husband vouchsafed was that he had shipped on a vessel bound for Virginia after a load of oysters. Days and weeks and months passed and the absent husband was not heard from and Sofia went to live with her husband's parents.

One day thirty-five years later the elder Button read of the arrival in New York of the United States brig Bainbridge, Captain Julius Button. He said nothing of the great hope that had sprung up in his breast, but hastened to New York, only to find that the brig had sailed a few hours before. But his journey was not altogether fruitless, for he learned that the captain of the Bainbridge was his own son. It lifted a heavy load from the old man's heart, although he felt keenly his disappointment at not seeing his son, who had for many years been mourned as dead.

FORTY YEARS LATER.

Sadly the old man returned to his home in North Haven. From that time he became a close reader of the newspapers and at last, four years later, his vigilance was rewarded. He read: "The United States brig Bainbridge, Captain Button, is expected to arrive at the Brooklyn navy yard tomorrow." Once more the old man journeyed to the metropolis. He found the brig with difficulty and was ushered into the cabin to await the captain, who was on shore.

Captain Button looked curiously at the gray haired old man whom he had been told wished to see him, but did not recognize him. Nor did the father recognize his son. Slowly the old man told his errand.

"I am Captain Button, sir," responded the captain.

"Don't you know me, Julius? I am your father."

It was a very affecting meeting, and when it was brought to a close the father asked tremulously, "Julius, what shall I tell mother?"

Captain Button hesitated for a moment, then, without replying to the question, he asked, "Where is Sofia?"

"She still lives with us."

"Then you may tell mother that I may come to North Haven when I come back from my next voyage."

An hour later Button, Sr., was on his way home, and Button, Jr., was on a voyage to China. When he returned two years later he learned that his father and mother were dead. Sofia still occupies the old homestead, but Captain Button has never seen her since they parted. —New York Herald.

A Floral Curiosity.

We have just been shown a curious plant by Mrs. Judge Chesnut. It is called the "snake plant," and is an oddity. The stem of the plant is of succulent nature and resembles the body of a snake. It had a large Easter lily shaped flower of dark purple color, with a single purple stamen. Its odor was offensive. It is a curiosity in this town, no one having ever seen a flower like it. It was presented to Mrs. Chesnut by her sister of Frankfort, Ky. —Platte City (Mo.) Landmark.

A TRIBUTE TO THE SHEAVES.

All day the reapers on the hill Have piled their task with sturdy will, But now the field is void and still.

And, wandering thither, I have found The bearded spears in sheaves well bound, And stacked in many a golden mound.

And while cool evening suavely grows, And o'er the sunset's dying rose The first great white star throbs and glows.

And from the clear east, red of glare, The ascendant harvest moon floats fair Through dreamy deeps and purple air.

And in among the slanted sheaves A tender light its glamour weaves, A lovely light that lures, deceives—

Then swayed by Fancy's dear command, Amid the past I seem to stand, In hallowed Bethlehem's harvest land!

And through the dim field, vague deserted, A homeward host of shadows glide, And sickles gleam on every side.

Shadows of man and maid I trace, With shapes of strength and shapes of grace, Yet gaze but on a single face—

A candid brow, still smooth with youth; A tranquil smile; a mien of truth— The patient, starved gleaner, Ruth!

—Edgar Fawcett.

Tom Craig's Wonderful Pig.

Our friend, Jacob Staff, sends us the following, and assures us that it is a genuine article:

"The owners of fox dogs in Harrison county have all been telling about their fine dogs and their achievements; but Captain Tom Craig now comes to the front with a story of a pig that discounts all the dog yarns that the fox dog owners have been spinning. Captain Craig, being accosted with this scribe's usual salutation—'tell me something'—said: 'I have a fox dog that I want to tell you about. He is of the "root-hog-or-die" species, and is about 3 months old, and was a present to my little boy from my neighbor, Henry Stevens. He is a common looking speckled pig, and has been raised a pet with the puppies. He eats and sleeps with them, and when I go hunting he goes too, and will stay out with us three hours at a time.

"It would amuse you to see him circling to come in and head the dogs when they get to far ahead of him. Of course he cannot keep up with them when they are running fast. The other night we were out hunting and the pig got behind, but he cut in and soon caught us, and was with us at the tree. I would have paid a good price for a picture of the scene at this tree. The dogs laid down, one of them drawing a bed of leaves around him. The pig went and laid down with him, putting his head on the dog's forehead, which was crossed." —American Field.

A Preparation for the Bath.

Those who are troubled with offensive perspiration would do well when talking a bath to use a preparation made as follows: Take of soap powder and powdered borax each one-half ounce; essence of bergamot, six drams; oil of lemon and oil of neroli, of each two drams; oil of rosemary, thirty drops; attar of roses, five drops.

Or, if this is too expensive, the druggist can use the soap and borax and substitute cheaper perfumes. The oils should be well rubbed with these bases in a mortar and put into a bottle, which should be kept corked and in a cool place. One-half to one tablespoonful may be added to an ordinary bathtub full of water. This will be sufficient for cleanliness; at the same time it will prove an admirable deodorizer. —Boston Herald.

Spiders' Perseverance Not Appreciated.

Ever since the story of Robert Bruce and the spider that insect has been proverbially held up to view as an example of pertinacious skill. An attempt to establish instinct as a guide to reason is, however, a fallacy. The setting hen is an example of instinct, not maternal constancy. This perseverance of spiders may have been an encouragement to Robert Bruce, but it is often a discouragement in engineering work. In sinking plumb lines down shafts for middle headings in tunneling in order to obtain an alignment for the tunnel, the accuracy of the work is often seriously impaired by spiders attaching their webs to the lines and drawing them toward the walls, often with sufficient tension to introduce material errors in the position of the plumb bobs. —Cor. Engineering.

Good Machines and Poor Workmen.

It does not pay to fit up a shop with poor machinery if you want good work, nor do you want to put bad workmen in charge of your expensive tools. You are doing things by halves, introducing a bull into your china shop, and playing with fire in a manner that is certain to result in burned fingers. Good machines will never do good work in the hands of poor mechanics, and although a good workman will often do wonders with the poorest of tools, the combination is not economical, and is usually unsatisfactory to employer and employed. Good tools operated by competent mechanics last longest, do the best work, produce in every way the most satisfactory results, and are always cheapest in the long run. —Safety Valve.

The inquiry among French authors as to the relative value of the real and ideal in fiction called forth the following from a lady: "In order to charm and attract me a novel should be sentimental, impassioned, graceful, elegant, full of illusions and not the simple photograph of an ordinary existence, which weighs me down on account of its vulgarity and commonplace, which follows me everywhere, which I know too well and which I would like to forget."

During the ten years ended with 1890 the country received more than 329,000 Italians. In the last year of the ten the Italians constituted almost one-eighth of the total immigration. About the same fraction of the whole was made up of Russian Jews and Poles.

The highest trestle on the line of the Northern Pacific railroad is that across the Corsican defile, about twelve miles west of Missoula, Mon. The track level is exactly 700 feet 9 inches above the rocks in the gorge below.

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